THE PATH BEYOND THE LEVEE.

BY F. A. CUMMINGS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Five years before the outbreak of the Civil War, love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesner, led me, Charles Bradley, a civil engineer, of Attakapas county, La., to become an agent of the underground railroad. Wesner had been nursed through the smallpox by a young slave, Lucy, belonging to the Coverly plantation. He discovered facts which proved that Lucy was white and of good family. A secret love match followed, which progressed well until Coverly proposed to sell Lucy to his son and refused to sell her to any one else. Wesner became desperate. I agreed to help him steal Lucy and went to New York to arrange with the Anti-Slavery Society for the care of any slaves we could bring North. We arrange our end of the underground railway and establish a refuge in my woodyard several miles up the river. At home we divert suspicion by carrying on a general merchandise business. Wesner makes the first venture and starts with ten of Coverly's slaves, including Lucy. He takes them through successfully, delivers them to the agents in New York and places Lucy in school in Andover. In the second venture we encounter more adventures, but finally succeed in shipping seventy-three slaves north by sea along with a cargo of cotton. The following spring we collect another lot at the rendezvous, and Wesner takes them north to Cairo over the old route. Lucy is recognized by a Southerner in Boston and is betrayed. Meantime Pierce, a friend of Wesner's, hears of the warrant for Lucy's arrest and he starts out to warn her. Pierce and Lucy are overtaken, and Sheriff Gregg starts back to Louisiana with Lucy by train. Pierce telegraphs the agent at Cairo. Wesner is there, and, aided by the Cromwells, he boards the train at a station a few miles north and rescues Lucy. Wesner puts Lucy among friends and then starts back to Attakapas. On the steamer he discovers two slave stealers and later rescues a band of their victims. He takes the slaves to Canada. Meantime, I send eight slaves north by the old route. I go to Shreveport to do some surveying and detective work. Wesner comes to see me and barely escapes detection by Sheriff Gregg.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The John Little lay at the landing, loaded and bound down. Wesner engaged his stateroom and kept it until the boat left, and he was sure Gregg was not on board. He had no objections to meeting Gregg, but not in Shreveport at that time, and in the disguise he then wore, as it was too familiar and might create unpleasant recollections.

Gregg's being there could have but one solution: He and Beatham were together in some plot, whether Gregg's or Beatham's I could not divine.

Gregg's abilities as a detective I did not fear; Beatham was simply a shrewd county Sheriff. I was thoroughly disguised, but concluded that I must be there a week, perhaps more, before I would be able to find any clue to their plans. Again, I was a stranger, and not likely to gain their confidence.

I had previously received a letter from a gentleman living some miles back from Shreveport, asking me to come at the first opportunity and survey a lot of timber land owned by himself and others. I had returned no answer, as I was otherwise engaged. This, however, was the opportune chance. I immediately hurried to the steamboat landing, and, with nearly as much celerity as Wesner, boarded the boat, bought my ticket and secured a stateroom.

Travel was very light at this season. The boat was not advertised to leave until 5 o'clock, and I kept watch of the shore, thinking Gregg might be on his way to New Orleans, and we should have the pleasure of his company; but he did not make his appearance. Wesner did, however, before the boat was a dozen lengths from the shore. I explained to him my idea, and he readily fell in with it. At New Orleans I wrote to Mr. Richardson that I would be ready to survey his land as soon as I could get my instruments from home. These Wesner agreed to send to the hotel in La Fayette. I had stopped one night at the St. Charles on my return with Wesner, as I left my trunk and samples in my room, agreeing to pay for my room rent while absent.

I changed my clothes, removed my disguise and appeared upon the street as Charles J. Bradley and, going directly to La Fayette, I registered at the hotel there. My instruments arrived, and with them a letter from Wesner. The letter was about some other business, and contained no allusion to the U. G. R. R. Its tone I did not like. There was a big blot of ink on the upper corner of one sheet. It was never there by accident. George Wesner did not blot his papers. An odd phrase, also, alluding to it, gave me uneasiness. "There is a big blot on this sheet. I have tried to erase it, but as you will notice, with only partial success."

He had scraped a little off one corner. After this came his signature.

The evening after my instruments arrived I was on my way to Shreveport. Arriving there I found at least two weeks' work, and wrote to Wesner to that effect. I had no chainman with me, and it was necessary to hire two. One, at least, must be a man who could read and write. I also wanted a couple of axemen. I determined to have my friend Beatham's assistance in this. Accordingly I watched for him, introduced myself, stated my business, and asked him if he could recommend a person suitable to take the head end of the chain—or two men for chainmen. (Richardson furnished his own axemen.) He said he could, and would be pleased to do so. He owned a mulatto boy who was brought up in New Orleans, could read and write, was a carpenter, and just at present was doing nothing of any account. At my request he sent him to me. I questioned him. Beatham had not misrepresented the boy. He could read and write, and had ideas above his station. Books were scarce, and his facilities for obtaining them were poor. His principal sources of reading matter were the various circus and menagerie posters, with which the South was always flooded. He could repeat from memory the names of all the famous acrobats, enormous elephants, wonderful bareback riders, beautiful women and funny clowns who had exhibited in the State for the last five years. Beatham informed me that his only fault was chasing circuses, and to look out for him if one came along, as he was sure to follow. He once tagged after Joe Pentland's great show for fifty miles.

I now flattered myself that I had the straight road to Beatham's confidence, and as he lived only about a mile from Richardson's I spent all my spare time with him. Evenings, after I had corrected my field notes, I would ride over to his place. Alec, the mulatto boy, would sometimes accompany me. Beatham was rather patient than otherwise, and Alec informed me that he was right down good to him. I knew well enough that Beatham must talk sooner or later, and asked no questions myself. The second night I was there we were on the veranda smoking. An old shingle horse, some one had brought out for a horseblock, stood near. Beatham sat astride that, pulling away at a corncob pipe, his favorite smoke. Mine was the cheroot of those days, varied with an occasional pull at a T. D. The mosquitoes were hungry. Beatham smoked and slapped, slapped and smoked alternately, varying both actions in intensity as the mosquitoes advanced or retreated.

"Much acquainted 'round Tuckapaw, Mr. Bradley?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered.

"How long been there?"

I told him.

"Know old Eb Coverly?"

"Yes, sure."

"You heard about the niggers?"

"I ought to. I was at the first hunt," I replied. "They started from our store—Wesner & Bradley's."

"Show, now, I remember; so they did. I had forgotten that. Didn't Wesner have a row with the old man about a yaller girl of his'n?"

"I don't know about that," I replied. "George is pretty close-mouthed."

Here Alec, who had been standing near, grinned. Beatham saw the grin. "Here, you d—d nigger, you scoot out of this, or I'll make you think Jim Myers's and Jo Pentland's shows are both on top at once." Here he let go at Alec a half-pound plug of tobacco he had in his hand.

Alec scooted, taking the tobacco with him.

"He's got the tobacco," I laughed out.

"Never mind," said Beatham, "he will keep away, and be a pretty good nigger while the tobacco lasts. But about these niggers of Coverly's. Where do you suppose the d—d critters went?"

"I couldn't tell you, Mr. Beatham," I replied. "I was there in the hunt. We found no trace where they entered the swamp, as, of course, they must have done, for there was no other way for them to hide."

"No," said Beatham, "there wasn't; that's plain."

"I was there also, when the others ran off, and went with old 'Skew Bill' and all the boys, but with the same result. We could not find a trace of them. Wesner and myself went on patrol for a week, but saw no one. Every road around the neighborhood was watched—results the same. Wesner always suspected a Yankee brig, that lay at Franklin. However, I was in New York when she reported and, in company with the Lacroix boys, boarded her. There was nothing but sugar and cotton on her—no niggers."

"I am glad," said Beatham, "at last to see one man from that cursed French hole who doesn't lay the loss to the Oboe man. Where do you think they did go?"

"Well," I replied, "it seems plausible to me that they were stolen and run off to Texas and sold there. You know the thing has been done."

"Yes, Jack Davis, a Florida chap I knew, used to steal niggers in Georgia and sell them in Florida, and did a good thing at it. 'Spose he would ha' been at it now, if one nigger he stole four times hadn't got footsore walking back and forth from Tallahassee to Milledgeville, so he just took what Jack gave him as his share, bought himself and two other niggers and then gave Jack away. He told his old master he thought Jack was a dangerous fellow to have around stealing folk's niggers. People round Tallahassee thought the darkies' masters were in with Jack. Howsumever, I don't know—all I do know is that when the regerlaters got to Jack's house, he had gone to Texas two weeks. They burned his house and licked his wife out of spite. Jack came back a couple of years later and got his wife. Shot two of the regerlaters at the same time. Got a crack at me, too—I was one of them, and," he continued, "I reckon there is a white man at the bottom of this business. Now, Mr. Bradley, I know just where that yaller girl of Coverly's is. Don't you know about the rest of them. Did you ever see her?" he asked.

I replied that I had some years ago.

"Well, I seen a man within a week that sat right on the car seat side of that 'ere girl, and he said she was edicated like a Yankee school marm, was hansom as any woman he ever saw, and no man not posted would ever know she was a nigger."

"Why don't you tell, Coverly?"

"Coverly knows; it was him that sent this man there."

"Sent him where?" I asked.

"I don't know as I am bound to keep dark. Coverly must ketch his own niggers. The man was Sile Gregg, Deputy United States Marshal, and he feels awful sore over it. Coverly got out a warrant when he heard where the girl was and sent Gregg clean up to Massachusetts to arrest her. After the got her arrested she was stole from him within fifty miles of Cairo, Ill. I tell you, Sile is pretty blue; didn't make a cent out of the trip."

Here he proceeded to give me Gregg's account of Lucy's rescue. Gregg laid the rescue to Pierce, and had no idea who the rescuing party really were. He was sour on Shaughnessy, who he thought had failed him, but allowed that the rescuing party were the smartest set of men he ever met.

Lucy, once safe in Orleans, in Gregg's judgment, would sell for $5,000. He could buy off Coverly for $1,500, and was quite determined to recapture her on his own account, and having confidence in Beatham's skill as a detective and negro hunter was endeavoring to induce him to take a share in the enterprise. Beatham wrote Entwissle at Gregg's request. It seemed that Gregg had stumbled upon Entwissle's name in connection with the Underground Railroad.

"How did she get to Massachusetts, Mr. Beatham?" I inquired.

"My opinion is," he replied, "that girl and the rest of them niggers was taken right up the Teche, carried across to the Mississippi and some ornery steamboat capen was paid for stowing 'em away and landing 'em in Cincinnati in the night."

"I know," "how thoroughly the country was searched for them, I remarked"

Gregg assured Beatham that he would know the voice of the man who carried Lucy out of the car should he ever hear him again, and he also added he was a dead shot with the pistol and could have killed him as easily as broken his arm.

It was evident from all this that Beatham did not know of the White River fight, or if he did, he had paid no attention to it. Gregg had secured from Dick Coverly a conditional bill of sale of Lucy for $1,500, and his idea was that with Beatham's help they could kidnap and take her to New Orleans. Beatham made no secret of the matter, as he knew I was a neighbor of Coverly's, and would naturally be interested in the recovery of his property.

That night I wrote a detailed account of the intention to Wesner, as it was no secret, or in any way implicated him. I also added for his satisfaction that Mr. Beatham said Lucy was at Lee, or near there.

Wesner wrote to Pierce an explanation of the contemplated *coup de main*, and requested him to watch for the pair, describing Beatham as well as possible. Gregg's personality being already familiar to him. He did not think their plan would materialize. Pierce was not so confident, and not wishing to duplicate his former experience, sent Lucy to Portland, Me.

I finished up my surveying, settled up with Mr. Richardson, took leave of Beatham and the rest of my Shreveport acquaintances.

Poor Alec was down-hearted and promised to write to me all the news, but of course it was impossible for me to reply to his letters.

Beatham accompanied me to the steamboat. On the way he remarked that he had about made up his mind to have nothing to do with Gregg's attempt to recapture Lucy, unless Gregg would pay all the bills, for he thought there was more risk than money. I strongly advised him not to attempt anything of the kind, as there was a feeling in the north against returning fugitives, especially such a woman as Lucy was reported to be, and if caught with her in their possession the people would either mob and kill them or they would be arrested and sent to jail—and as Gregg had escaped alive once he had better rest satisfied.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On my arrival at New Iberia George met me at the landing. He looked sick, tired and discouraged. There were fourteen persons at the rendezvous. Obed and Mason had picked these up in different places; none, however, within a radius of forty miles of us. Some of these had been secreted four months. Fever had broken out among them: Mason had been down. Obed not much better, and they had nearly starved, as there was no one except Obed to go for food, and he was quite weak. It was now well into August, the bayous were low and the weather intensely hot.

"Charlie," said he, "this is my last venture. We must get these poor devils out of this. I feel as if I had lived all this time with a rope around my neck. Lucy, poor girl, is lonesome and anxious. I am not going to sell out here, for I love this country too well. I will go north, marry Lucy, and await better days. Charlie, they have got to come. Blood will unoubtedly flow, but the end is near." This was in August, 1859.

The next night we took our canoe and paddled up the bayou a short distance to the mouth of a little brook, dry at this season. We had with us about two hundred pounds of provisions, consisting mostly of ship bread and dried meats. In addition, we took a few gallons of whiskey and one hundren lemons. These Wesner and myself carried up to the bed of the brook and securely hid.

Something after 12 o'clock, everything being safe, Wesner left me to fight mosquitoes until daylight and I could see to travel. I don't think I ever endured so much misery from these pests as I did that night. The torture was awful and nearly drove me frantic. I built a smudge, but the smoke from it only served to nerve them to fiercer attacks and more daring assaults. Their stings were like needles and their buzzing was like the wails of the dying.

I welcomed the first crack of day and as soon as I could tell a stick from a snake, started up the brook, a bottle of quinine in my pocket, and a jug of whisky slung over my shoulder. The mud in the bed of the brook was ankle deep, and I had to leave that, and hew my way through the thicket to the higher ground. The place was literally alive with snakes and every other species of vermin and insect life indigenous to a Louisiana swamp. I was too far from the bayou for alligators, but the frogs bellowed all night and assisted the mosquitoes in their infernal concert.

It was about seven miles from where I left the brook to our rendezvous. At noon I arrived, tired, footsore, covered and smarting with the stings of flies and mosquitoes.

Obed was sitting disconsolate outside the door. His rifle lay across his knees. He had heard me thrashing around among the bushes thirty minutes before I came in sight, but thought it was one of us, as the noise came straight toward the cabin.

Inside the cabin the sight was pitiful.

Mason lay in his berth, his features shrunken with fever, and his big black eyes, enlarged to twice their size, shone with unnatural light. He knew me and smiled in recognition, endeavoring to stretch out his hand. I mixed some quinine and whiskey and gave him a swallow. The rest of the sick ones watched my motions, following me with their corpselike eyes as I moved around the room. To me, accustomed as I was to sickness among the negroes and mulattoes, the sign of death appeared to be written upon their cadaverous features and in their hollow, sunken eyes. The mulatto, as a rule, is not very hardy, and these were no exceptions. The presence of a white man, Obed said, would help them more than medicine, as through their wasted lives they had had no other resource in case of trouble than massa or missus.

The next day, accompanied by Obed, I returned to the "cache." We took along four of the strongest fugitives and loaded them with all the stores they could carry, and taking a small load myself, we returned to camp. The day was hot and journey rough, but we arrived with our loads about dark. We now had supplies sufficient for three weeks, and by the end of that time, I told them I hoped they would all be strong enough to move toward the north.

The next afternoon I returned to the place where Wesner had left me, and found him waiting for me with the canoe.

At the Post Office I found a letter from Beatham, written in his peculiar style of orthography, incidentally informing me of the death of my stepfather, Robert Kirkland, and containing a long account of the White River fight. To us this was convincing proof that there was no clue, however remote, connecting any person in our vicinity with the raid, and again it was as conclusively proved that the route must be abandoned for the future. Where should we go? We must leave the swamp, must get these people north, for should one of them be found here, there would be red-hot times in the Teche country.

Upon this subject we pondered long and deeply. If the poor unfortunates now in the swamp were back upon the plantations, all would be well. But they were not. They were sick, unable to travel and on our hands. We felt responsible for their lives, and we clearly understood if their masters found them and caught us, our responsibility would end with a short shrift and a long rope, and they would suffer untold horrors.

We had three alternatives: To let Obed and Mason take the chances of getting them through to Cairo—to undertake a new route and go ourselves, or to go with them by the old route—either was fraught with danger. It was not probable that there would be water enough in the swamps to float a boat for three months, and it was impossible for the fugitives to remain where they were for that length of time.

At last Wesner suggested writing to Entwissle, to inquire if there were any chance to ship by water, as there were a number of places around Vermillion Bay, and even on the Atchafalaya, where we thought we could get through safely, provided there was a vessel to receive us immediately upon arrival.

Wesner mailed the letter at New Orleans, going there for that purpose. It was ten days before he received an answer. There was no vessel to be relied upon at present. There was a shipbuilding concern in East Boston that during the previous winter had a crew somewhere on the Sabine river, cutting timber for a vessel frame. He had telegraphed to these parties and the answer was:

"Timber not shipped, but will be as soon as a vessel can be chartered."

Not satisfied with this, Entwistle had written that he would visit Boston and see what arrangements could be made and would write us immediately from there.

Wesner, who had perfect confidence in Entwissle, was content to wait. Two days later the looked-for letter, postmarked Boston, arrived. The frame was for Philadelphia parties and must be delivered there. At present it was piled out on the bank at the mouth of a small creek, making into the Sabine near the town of Orange, Tex., on the Louisiana side of the Sabine. He could make very liberal arrangements with the Boston parties, as they were much pleased to get a little freight money to help them out. There were about 650 tons of the timber. He could make arrangements for any number of lay days at a demurrage of only $15 per day after the first twenty days allowed to load, and he suggested to Wesner to visit the place and see for himself what the chances were for carrying the plan to a successful termination. Wesner telegraphed him that he would go. While he was absent I made a visit to the rendezvous, taking in more provisions. All the sick were recovering, and, best of all, with returning health were growing hopeful. This was a good omen.

The day after Wesner returned we mounted our horses and set out for the Sabine to explore a feasible route. The great difficulty would be taking out people fifty miles, perhaps seventy, without being discovered. A part of our journey must be through the swamp and forest, and by night. Southwest was the grand prairie; this we would be obliged to cross, but as our course lay toward Texas, and there was not one chance in a hundred of any of the party being known, we did not consider this a very serious obstacle. Some time was consumed in finding a suitable route for the first twenty-five miles, but finally we succeeded in locating the road to our satisfaction. We easily found the ship timber. The trees along the river banks had been cut down and quite a clearing made. This was to let in the sunlight that it might dry the timber, as oak in its green state will sink to the bottom. In the woods and at the edge of the clearing stood the camp occupied by the timber cutters during the previous winter. Here we passed the night.

There was a dimly defined path leading from the camp away from the river. This we supposed must lead to some plantation or settlement. It was very narrow, as it had not been travelled for months. We did not explore it. About seven miles below the clearing, and one-half mile from the river bank we located our camp for the negroes. It was on a solitary hummock about an acre in extent, surrounded by at least a foot of water and mud, in the midst of the worst tangled swamp man ever saw.

Torn from the moist, soft soil by the winds sweeping from the Gulf of Mexico lay great oaks and tall cypress trees, mingled in wild confusion. Out among their rotting trunks the water moccasin glided in disgusting security the rank September growth of the semi-tropical weeds hiding his loathsome body. Picture this place surrounded by an almost impenetrable cane brake, its bayous and brooks the abode of the alligator and grenouille, and it will give a faint idea of our camp upon the Sabine, into whose gloomy recesses no ray of sunshine ever penetrated. It was secure from man's footsteps—we cared for nothing else.

We were nineteen days upon this expedition, from the time we left until out return. Our first move was to take a lot of provisions to the rendezvous. We found the fugitives as we left them—anxious, but hopeful—for the sick had recovered and were ready to move.

Wesner wrote the result of our expedition to Entwissle and awaited an answer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I had long entertained an idea regarding Lucy, and, while upon our Sabine expedition, I broached the subject to Wesner. Coverly was old; the loss of his slaves had left him poor. Dick had probably paid him no money for Lucy, but had given his note.

"Now," said I to George, "why not write Pierce to make the old man an offer for the girl? He will sell. He never can get her again and he knows it. One thousand or fifteen hundred dollars will be of more value to him than the ownership of a slave in Massachusetts. He has spent enough already. He offered her to Gregg for $1,500 and will sell to Pierce for less. Will you do it?"

"Charlie, I can't bear the idea of applying the words buy or sell to her. Once I could. You should see her now."

"Shall I write to him?"

He hesitated a moment. "No, I will. If she is once clear of that hunted feeling, she will be happier. I will write as soon as we get back."

Some two weeks after this I was in Franklin. As I was riding slowly along, I saw the old man Coverly ride up to the office of the only lawyer in the place, dismount, pass the bight of his bridle through the hole in the hitching post, drop the loop over the top and walk into the office.

The day was exceedingly warm and the old man dropped into a chair by the open window, and commenced to fan himself vigorously with his hat. He caught sight of me and called to me to come in. I had had no trouble with him, and rather courted an interview, so I fastened my horse and complied with his request.

Coverly, knowing I had been North, and having an idea that Massachusetts and Ohio were all the territory north of the Ohio River, asked me if I were acquainted in Massachusetts. I told him that I was not, and never had been there. He then volunteered the information that he had received a letter from there, offering him $1,200 for that girl of his that run off. "Mr. Selwyn has the letter," said he. "Selwyn, let Mr. Bradley see that letter."

I took the letter, and here is a copy verbatim—evidently, to me, who knew Pierce, it was strained in spelling and syntax.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPT. 11, 1859.

DEAR SIR: I am not a nigger speckelater, never was and am an aberlishioner, but there is a poorly sort of a gal here, that says you have a bill o' sale of her. I know an' you orter, that you can't never get thet gal agen eny more. I am the feller that was with her when she was stole by the marshal an' I am the chap as stole her back. She is in Kanada or Maine or somewhere now. See here, I will give you 12 hundred dolers for this gal, you put a bil of sail for the gal, signed by yoo an' your son Dick all O. K. in the bank of New Orleans, I will sen the money to the cashier. You'll be just so much in, for the gal is gone from yoo forever an' yoo'll never see her, sell or no sell. P. S.—Free papers just as good. No foolin—I've got the property an' you can t play no pints.

LEWIS PIERCE,
Direct as above.

I finished and looked up.

Well, Bradley, what do you think of that?"

"I think if this man Pierce is fool enough to pay you for what is evidently already his, you had better take it."

"My opinion concides with yours," Selwyn added.

Coverly was old and obstinate. He took the letter from my hands and put it in his pocket and sat awhile revolving the matter in his mind. Finally, he said to Selwyn: "Write this, Pierce, tell him $1,500 will take her. I hate to, like h—ll, but all I want is the money. Tell him to deposit it in the Bank of New Orleans, payable to my order, when the cashier receives the papers. You make out a set of free papers, for I would sooner set her free than sell to her an infernal Yankee abolitionist."

Selwyn made his memorandum as Coverly directed.

CHAPTER XXX.

When I saw Wesner again he handed me a letter from Entwissle.

NEW YORK, Sept 6, 1859.

GEORGE WESNER, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* In relation to the shipment of ship timber now lying upon the banks of the Sabine River you are hereby informed that I was mistaken regarding it. I am fully informed by the owner in Boston that the Sabine is not navigable for vessels large enough for the cargo, but only for small craft. There is but from ten to thirteen feet of water upon the bar at the mouth of the river, and this timber must be floated down and shipped from Sabine Pass and the vessel must lie off that place.

The vessel we had in view was of too deep a draught and we have consequently chartered the brig Cyrus Adams. The captain fully understands the business and will take his crew and come prepared to raft the timber and float it down to the brig. Please write me and govern yourself accordingly. Yours truly,

SILAS ENTWISSLE.

P. S.—The brig is loading machinery for Galveston and will call for the timber on her return. Will let you know when she sails from here.

S. E.

Wesner was a bit discouraged upon receipt of this, as it would take until well into November to get these people off our hands, and we must get them away from the rendezvous before the swamps filled, on account of the Calcasieu River, which we were obliged to ford. There were other creeks, bayous and coule's, also, between that river and the Sabine. This expedition was vastly different from our usual route, as there we wanted water; here, dry land.

I went to New Orleans and from there telegraphed Entwissle that we must leave within ten days, if we used that route, and to write me full particulars, so there could be no mistake. I would wait in New Orleans until the letter arrived.

In a few days I received an answer to my telegram. Mr. Entwissle wrote that the brig would take a lot of machinery to Galveston and would leave New York in about a week from the date of his letter. To discharge her cargo she must remain a week or ten days in Galveston, and she might be expected to arrive at Sabine Pass in about forty or fifty days from her sailing date.

The captain was a Jerseyman by the name of Reynold Cheswick, and was thoroughly reliable. His instructions were to remain at Sabine Pass until he had opened communication with us. We were further instructed to remain at the timber camp and watch the river. In the letter was a piece of morocco leather about two inches long by one and a half wide, with edges notched. Capt. Cheswick had the other piece, and, as Mr. Entwissle wrote, it must be his letter of introduction.

This precaution was as much for the captain's protection as ours, for if by any unforeseen accident we were captured or our plans ascertained strangers could not personate either party, unless they produced the counterpart of the piece of leather.

There was no further news from Pierce. His letters to us all came by way of New York, as we had business correspondents there, but Boston letters would be strictly scrutinized in our Post Office, for, viewed with Attakapas eyes, Boston was a modern edition of ancient Sodom and Gomorrah, without even the one righteous person to redeem the lot.

Wesner was very anxious to learn the results of Pierce's negotiations before leaving, and so waited a few days; but no letters arriving I went to Franklin to see if I could ascertain the reason why. I met Selwyn on the street and he volunteered the information. Coverly was sick with the prevalent fever and could not attend to business. Pierce had accepted his terms, and "if the old fool don't back out," said Selwyn, "he is in just $1,500."

When Wesner heard this he concluded that it was useless to wait longer, as the negroes would be as safe on the Sabine as on the Teche. There were provisions at the rendezvous sufficient for ten days.

At daylight on Oct. 6 we broke camp en route for the Sabine, and prepared to take what luck was in store for us. For the first ten miles our route led through a dense swamp. This we could have avoided, but purposely kept it for safety. This swamp we had not explored, but calculated, upon general principles, that it would be passable if we had daylight to help us. Wesner was to meet us at 8 P. M. that night. The place selected was a small belt of timber about fifteen miles from our starting point. He was to bring a couple of saddle horses and also a pack horse, a mule and some other articles. These he had previously deposited near the timber. In leaving the camp I took the lead, Obed following. There were no landmarks, and through the gloom no ray of sun ever penetrated. It was a dismal start, and nothing but an exalted faith in our undertaking kept our flagging spirits to the work. Obed carried a small axe, and was frequently obliged to use it to cut away the tangled roots and vines to enable the women and children to force their passage through. There was very little water to incommode us, but the heat was intense. The close, tangled woods formed a barrier to the circulation of air, and the burning sun, shining upon the trees, sent the moisture from them in clouds of steam.

The negroes, after the first mile, panted like tired dogs, while, wilting under the sultry heat, I was fast losing my energy. We made but a mile an hour. This was slow. But worse to come, for across our path, one day not long before, had travelled an angry hurricane. Twisted and gnarled, the trees were piled up in intermingled confusion. To go around this blow-down might be possible, but I would not undertake it, and therefore ordered the party to rest. Down they sat in true Ethiopian style, their hands clasped around their knees.

I set the men at work cutting a path. Sometimes there would be a place where it was possible to travel, and this helped us out. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we passed the last windfall and again had plain swamp. This was bad at best, and it was sunset when we arrived at the edge of the timber, where we were to meet Wesner. From here the growth was open, no underbrush to obstruct, and at 8 o'clock the whole party were within a few rods of the appointed place. Directing the people to lay low and keep quiet, I stole noiselessly toward the edge of the timber. Wesner was there, anxious and waiting. He had three horses with him, as he had proposed.

"How is it?" he asked.

I answered him, "All right."

"Good."

Our next stage would be three miles across an open prairie to another belt of timber; beyond this timber was a canebrake that promised concealment. Within its friendly shelter we proposed to rest a day or two.

At 10 o'clock we were again on the move. The night, as Obed expressed it, was "dark as a nest of black cats," but about midnight we reached the timber, crossed it and were safely hidden in the brake. There were no inhabitants in very close proximity to the place, yet I thought best to be cautious. We were now twenty-five miles from our rendezvous. From here we proposed to make straight across the country, on a beeline for the Sabine, swerving from a direct line, only as the conformation of the country obliged us, or to avoid the scattering settlements. As before mentioned, Wesner and myself, on our return from the Sabine, came this route and selected our camping place.

We stopped in this brake until the next night, then moved on, travelling by night, leaving in this manner some seventy-five miles behind us. This brought us to the big prairie, which we were obliged to cross by daylight. Here was the only chance for trouble on the route.

To be Continued.

AN OLD SPANISH BELL.

Cast Nearly Eleven Centuries Ago, It Is Owned by a Connecticut Village Church.

From the Hartford Daily Times.

At East Haddam, only a short distance from the Nathan Hale schoolhouse, which was dedicated with such imposing ceremonies by the Sons of the Revolution and the people of the town, Wednesday, is an old bell which antedates the schoolhouse by more than nine hundred years. It has a position on the stone wall at the rear of the pretty little stone church, just on the edge of the cemetery, and from its appearance none would suppose that it had known the heat of summer and the cold of winter for almost eleven centuries. It is not very large, and the greenness of old age so common to copper has made but slight inroads upon it.

When Nathan Hale died for his country this old bell was of the age of Methuselah, the oldest patriarch of Bible record. At the time Christopher Columbus discovered America it had been ringing out the days of more than half a thousand years. It tolled the deaths of the thousands of Spaniards who were lost in the destruction of the great Armada; witnessed the incursions of the Moors and Arabs across the Straits of Gibraltar as they despoiled the fair vineyards of Castile and for more than four hundred years knew none but Moorish rule.

Europe was but a wild, unsettled, savage country when this old bell was cast, and the British Isles were but so much territory ruled by clannish barons with might the only law.

When Ferdinand and Isabella ascended the throne of Spain the little old bell in the East Haddam churchyard helped to ring out the tidings to all the country 'round. It was then in the tower of one of the churches of Aragon, the home province of Ferdinand. For more than six hundred years it had been there, calling the people—rich and poor—to service; ringing out the joy of their marriage celebrations, and tolling the death requiem.

Early in this century, when Napoleon started on his sacking tour of Spain, and was finally overthrown by Wellington, this bell, together with many others, was taken from its place in the belfry of the stone church which it has occupied so long. Twenty years afterward, in 1834 or 1835, a shipload of bells from Spanish churches, which Napoleon had destroyed, was sent to this country, consigned to various bell foundries to be recast for bells for American churches. The old East Haddam bell was in the lot. William Willys Pratt, a New York shipchandler, was in business at that time. His wife was a daughter of the late Capt. Oliver Attwood of East Haddam. Mr. Pratt and his wife were interested in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church at East Haddam, and as the church was without a bell, Mr. Pratt purchased the old Spanish bell from among the hundreds of others in the shipload. It was sent to East Haddam and mounted in the church belfry—the old church, which stands on an eminence to the north and east of the town.

For years the Spanish bell did its duty loyally, but finally it became cracked and its tone was broken and harsh. When the new church was built, close by where the old Nathan Hale schoolhouse now stands, the bell was taken from the steeple of the old church, and has not since been used, but rests quietly in the churchyard, viewed reverently by hundreds every day.

It was cast in the year 815. The marks of the tongue, where for years it struck against the side, are deep and broad. The Arabic numerals which form the date show that it was cast not long after Spain was conquered by the Moors. The inscription on the ancient bell is in Spanish and can be read very plainly. It is as follows:

"The Prior being the Most Rev. Father Miguel Villa Murva. The Procurator, the Most Rev. Father Josef E'Stivan. Corrales Made Me. Made in Year A. D. 815."

The people of St. Stephen's Church value the old bell very highly, and it will doubtless always remain in possession of the parish.

Mr. Hurry's Slow Life.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PHŒNIXVILLE, June 10.—John Hurry, aged 80 years, never saw a telephone until yesterday. He lives in West Fallowfield, and when the Chester County Telephone Company opened an office near his home, he was invited yesterday to look at the phone, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to touch it. Mr. Hurry has never been on a trolley or railroad car; has never seen a steamboat, and has never been more than ten miles from the place where he was born.

STRANGE WILL OF ALEXANDER A. ALEXANDER.

His Remarkable Manner of Visiting the Paris Exposition, Changing the Course of a Vessel Bound for Southampton, and Forcing the French S. S. Ville de Dreyfus to Save All Hands on Board the Red Crescent Line Boat.

Alexander A. Alexander was his full name. What the middle A. stood for no one knew but many thought that it must be Alexander, for they said that a parent who was foolish enough to double his son's name would be as likely to treble it. Those who knew the boy well enough called him by his first name, but strangers generally called him by his last name until they got better acquainted. Alexander looked like a Russian, and he had as imperious a nature as that of any Czar that ever lived. Before he was 12 years old there was no one able to cross him. If he had been wicked or even ill-tempered he could have made it unpleasant for the world in which he lived—which was this world by the way—but despite his power over people he seldom exercised it unduly, and so it was possible to live in his vicinity and enjoy life.

Once in a while he exercised his power for the good of the public. Almost everybody has heard of the strike of the painters of Paulton. Some of them were portrait painters and some were landscapists, and they were all in the employ of a very rich art patron. They made up their minds one day that he could afford to pay them more than they were getting, and so they struck for higher wages. Of course they had a right to strike, although I dare say that they were receiving all they were worth, as many of them used stencils in painting portraits in order to save time. But they had no right to stop other painters from working, as this has been a free country since 1865. And yet that is what they did. They told the new painters that they would upset their pails of paint and destroy their brushes if they attempted to paint any portraits or landscapes in Paulton. And then it was that Alexander used his authority with good effect. He went to where the band of striking painters had assembled. They stood around in their blouses with their long hair waving in the wind, and he said:

"Say, painters, if you want to strike you'll have to do it in some other town than Paulton. I always have my way, and you've got to go."

And go they did. They walked off in a body down to the railroad station and took the train to New York. And now they are glad to work at any price. And the other painters were so grateful to Alexander that they all united in doing a crayon portrait of him for him, and he didn't have to pay for the frame—which is very unusual.

Alexander wanted to go to the Paris Exposition, but he knew that his father could not afford to send him. If he had told Mr. Alexander to do it that man would have been impelled to do it by the boy's strange power, but Alexander knew that his father was a poor man, so he determined to get there by some other means. And right there he made his first mistake, to call it nothing worse. He ought to have made up his mind to do without going to the Exposition, as so many boys will have to do. But that would not have been like Alexander. What he wanted he must have.

So one evening after his parents were asleep he stole into their bedroom and kissed them both affectionately, and then he left the house and made his way to the station. He had packed a few clothes in a hand satchel and he had taken all his savings for three years, which amounted to $60. He took the midnight train for New York and despatched from there an affectionate letter telling his parents that he was going to the fair and that he would bring them each a pretty present.

By noon of next day he was sailing out of New York harbor on the Bucolic of the Red Crescent Line.

Long before they were out of sight of land he had made friends with several of the passengers, and he would need them, too, for the inexperienced boy had neglected to procure a stateroom, supposing that a day would suffice to take him to France. One of his new acquaintances was the Bishop of—well, I can't think now, but he was a splendid big man and fond of children, so that he and Alexander got along famously, although Alexander was a Congregationalist.

"Well, where are you going all by yourself?" said he. "To visit an uncle in Southampton?"

"No, sir," said Alexander. "I have no relatives in France."

"Not that Southampton is in France," said the Bishop laughing.

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I'm going to the World's Fair in Paris, and that's in France."

The Bishop smiled. "Yes, Paris is in France, but you can't go straight to it; you'll have to stop at Southampton and take another steamer across the Channel to Havre and then take train to Paris."

Alexander was vexed and he showed it. "Can't I go all the way to Paris by water?"

"All the way by water, but not in a steamer of this size. You should have taken a French liner if you wished to go direct to France."

Alexander was tempted to use his power, and I'm sorry to say that he yielded. It would have been so much better if he had swallowed his chagrin and gone to Southampton with the good Bishop and then crossed the Channel. But no, he had set out to sail to France, and he was going to do it no matter how much he put out the rest of the passengers.

"I'm sorry, but this steamer has got to take me to France. Are you sure that she can't sail directly to Paris?"

"Not unless you deepen the Seine."

"Oh, I don't want to do that," said Alexander, quite as if he could, and the Bishop was much amused.

"But tell me, if you've made a mistake about the steamer, what are you doing to do about a stateroom?"

"A what?" asked Alexander with a puzzled expression.

"A stateroom. A place to live in and sleep in while you're on your way to Southampton."

"I'm not going to Southampton," said Alexander with heat. "Why does it take over night to get to France?"

"My dear boy, we'll be the best part of six days making the trip, and you wont be allowed to sleep on the deck or in the saloon."

"I should hope I wouldn't sleep in a saloon," said Alexander with dignity.

"Of course not," said the Bishop with a straight face. "Now, I have a whole stateroom, and you may use the upper berth, and welcome, if you wish."

"Why, thank you, sir. I'll be glad to, but I had no idea that it took so long. You see, I had the measles when our class had the Atlantic Ocean, and I had the mumps when we had France, and so I don't know much about that part of geography."

"Well, you'll know more before you return. Do your parents know where you are?"

"By now they do. I left a note. But I wont go to England. The ship will have to let me out at France."

A steward happened to be passing.

"Here," said Alexander, in his most autocratic manner. "Send the captain to me."

The steward looked astonished, but he obeyed. In a minute he came back. "The captain says it's out of the question. You must go to him."

At this Alexander flushed scarlet. He made a trumpet of his hands and called out: "Captain, I want you to come here at once. I want to speak to you."

Everybody within earshot gasped for breath, for the captain was one of the hottest tempered and one of the most dignified men on the Red Crescent Line. But they gasped again when he left the bridge and came to Alexander, quite as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world for a boy to call him down.

"What do you want, young man?" said he, in an amiable tone.

The Bishop, who had expected to see Alexander thrown into the sea, heaved a sigh of relief and opened his eyes as wide as he could, for he expected to be astonished for the next few minutes, and he wanted to be prepared.

"I want to go to Paris direct, but they tell me it is physically impossible, so I want you to let me out at Havre. I've made a mistake in the steamer. Just let me out at Havre, that's all."

"All right," said the captain. "I feel that I am putty in your hands. But I am likely to lose my position if I do it."

"Not if I see your bosses, whoever they are," said Alexander, simply. "You'll be pleased to know that Bishop Dunham has offered me his upper berth."

"Pleased, but not astonished. If you hold up all the passengers I wont be at all surprised."

Alexander flushed. "I am as honest as you are. Don't let me keep you from your duties. Tell the man that runs the rudder to change our course before you forget it, or we may go to Southampton after all."

The Bishop expected trouble from the passengers. For himself, as he was only going for the sea voyage, it did not make so much difference to him, but he looked to see the rest of the passengers make a great to-do. But in this he was mistaken. The news quickly spread throughout the steamer, and in about a half an hour the passengers assembled and gave three ringing cheers for Alexander.

"What's that for?" asked the boy of the Bishop.

"Why it seems that you have inadvertently done them a favor. They were all going to the Exposition, and none of them was able to get passage on the French lines, and you have saved them at least a day."

After that Alexander was a great favorite with all on board. Even the captain felt that a boy with such a wonderful will could make it right for him, and as he was the only one responsible to the agents the rest of the crew did not care at all. They were glad of a change in the route.

But the captain had forgotten one thing, and that was that to him the route to Havre was a strange one. That is why at noon on the sixth day out there was a terrific shock that told every one that the ship had struck something.

All was confusion in an instant. Passengers shrieking, sailors commanding coolness, and the captain, as pale as death, but perfectly calm.

Alexander and the Bishop rushed from the stateroom together. The boy kept on until he had reached the bridge where the captain was standing.

"Boy, this is your fault. Can you make this right with my 'bosses,' as you call them? We are surely lost."

Alexander hung his head. For a minute he was utterly cast down and fully realized that he was to blame for the awful disaster. For it was plain that the ship could not keep afloat a half hour.

A large French steamer, the Ville de Dreyfus, hove in sight. She was just large enough to save the crew and passengers of the Bucolic. But she continued on her way. A groan went up from the Bucolic's passengers. The captain straightened his shoulders and prepared to meet death like an English sailor.

Alexander felt that on him lay the responsibility for the affair. He seized a speaking trumpet that happened to be handy and yelled, "Come and save us!"

The French captain heard him and recognized the authority of the tones, but did not understand what was said. He continued to sail away.

"Say it in French," said the Bishop.

"What is it in French?" said Alexander. "I don't know a word, but *oui* and *non*."

"I don't know much myself, but I think it is '*Venez, et nous sauvons*.'"

Alexander had a quick ear, and without knowing what the words meant by themselves, he shouted what the Bishop had told him.

It must have been a villainous accent, and bad French, too, but the imperious tones had their due effect, and the Frenchman hove to and rescued the passengers and the crew of the doomed Bucolic and not a moment too soon. As the Bishop and Alexander and the brave captain stepped aboard the Ville de Dreyfus the Bucolic went from the sight of mortal man forever.

Alexander learned more French before he returned to America, but he never said anything half as effective as those four words. He did not have to make it right with the captain's bosses, for the captain, who was an elderly man, resigned and went to live at Portsmouth. Alexander and Bishop Dunham went to the Exposition together, and the boy sent home in a letter to his parents a beautifully engrossed resolution from the Bucolic's passengers praising him for saving, first a day in the voyage, and then the rest of their lives, so good came of evil after all. But it never does to bank on it.

FATE OF THE FRIGATE PRESIDENT.

The Vessel Captured From Us in 1815 Still Used as a British Drillship.

One evening during the recent war with Spain several London newspaper correspondents were seated around a table in the Cheshire Cheese discussing the friendly attitude of England toward the United States and speculating upon the chances of an Anglo-American alliance in consequence. In the middle of their conversation the representative of an American newspaper burst suddenly into the room.

"What do you fellows think!" he cried excitedly. "Here you all are discussing the friendly attitude of England toward the United States. Friendly nothing! Do you fellows know that your brotherly loving Britishers have seized an American war vessel and are at this very moment holding her at the West India docks? Do you——"

"What! Which one?" chorused the surprised correspondents, starting from their seats.

"Be calm, gentlemen. Be calm, I beg of you." The new-comer drew a chair up to the table.

"Another of your fool American jokes, I suppose," a young Englishman muttered.

"The ship I refer to, gentlemen," continued the American when they were all seated, "is the United States frigate President, captured off New York some time in 1815 by his Majesty's frigate Endymion, commanded by Capt. Hope. The President is at present a drillship for the Royal Navy Reserves, and is stationed, as I have already told you, at the West India docks. But there is nothing for Americans to be ashamed of in this, for although we have no British ships in our navy at present, history informs me that we had more than our full share at one time. So do be calm, I beg of you. Waiter, you may bring me a mutton and a musty."

After the correspondents had applied appropriate names to the man who had been responsible for the excitement, a general discussion ensued as to whether the President of the British Navy was really the old United States frigate captured in the war of 1812, or whether she was a more modern vessel named in honor of that capture. The American who was the cause of the discussion, stoutly maintained that she was the same old President, save for her compulsory change of flag some eighty odd years ago.

United States histories tell little about the disposal of the President after her capture by the Endymion, further than that both she and her captor were dismantled in a gale off the Bermudas. The American correspondent's statement, however, is in some degree corroborated by the Navy Department at Washington. In reply to a recent inquiry concerning the matter, the Superintendent of Naval War Records furnished the following information. First this extract was quoted from "The Navy of the United States, from the commencement, 1775 to 1853;" compiled by Lieut. George F. Emmons, U. S. N.:

"PRESIDENT. Captured off New York, 1815, Jan. 15. While in command of Commo. S. Decatur, by a British squadron, after a running fight of 6 hours, during which H. B. M. frigate Endymion, 40, Capt. Hope, found it prudent to haul out of action, to repair damages. (Both this vessel and the President were soon after dismasted in a gale.) Commo. Decatur finally surrendered to the Majestic razee, Capt. Hayes, with a loss of 24 killed and 55 wounded, including, among the former, Lieuts. Babbitt, Hamilton and Howell. Was the flag ship of Commo. Richard Dale, in the Mediterranean, in 1801 and 1802. Do. do. S. Barron, do. 1804 and 1805; and subsequently of Commo. J. Rodgers, on our coast, from 1809 to 1812."

Then the communication continues:

"*Information Relative to the U.S. Frigate President, captured by the British in the war of* 1812.

"'On the 8th of March (1815), after having undergone a partial repair, the President, accompanied by the Endymion, sailed from Bermuda for England; and on the 28th both ships arrived at Spithead.'—*Naval History of Great Britain*, by William James, volume 6, p. 246.

"In the *English Navy List* of October, 1817, a vessel called the President is spoken of as follows: 'President, 60, Portsmouth.' She is referred to in the Navy lists of 1824-29 as 'President, 52, Portsmouth, building.'

"The presumption is that she remained at Portsmouth until the year 1850. From 1850 to 1860 she was at Chatham. Some time between 1860 and 1867 she became drill ship at the West India docks. She is spoken of as a fourth-rate drillship for Royal Navy Reserve, 1060 tons.

"In the *Naval Pocket-Book* for 1900, she is referred to as an ex-frigate, 52, drill ship, R. N. R., West India Docks.

"The fair supposition is that this is the original vessel captured from the United States."

Senator Hanna's Public Speaking.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some United States Senators have found out within a week that Mr. Hanna can talk. It has taken a good deal to get the Ohio Senator on his feet, but, as the closing week of Congress showed, when the inspiration is furnished he is "handy with his tongue." Senator Hanna doesn't call it making a speech. He calls it "talkin'." He was in politics twenty-five years before he talked to an audience. His first political speech was at a great Polish mass meeting in Chicago in 1896. The manager of spellbinders at national committee headquarters insisted that he had nobody else to send. The other members of the Executive Committee urged Mr. Hanna to fill the appointment. It is more than probable that they had some sense of humor in the idea.

Mr. Hanna finally surprised his fellow managers of the campaign by accepting. He reached the hall with great difficulty. On the way a mob formed and poured into the intending orator's ears the worst string of epithets and threats a man ever listened to. The carriage was stopped and the attentions became most provoking. By the time Mr. Hanna got on the stage he was mad clear through. He talked. Before he had gone on ten minutes the crowd was orderly and listening to political truth straight from the shoulder. Mr. Hanna's talk to the Poles passed into the history of that memorable campaign as among the remarkable incidents.

"There is only one thing I dislike about public speaking," the Senator said recently. "It makes me pose in the light of an orator. This is something I never will be. I have no eloquence in me. I am too plain and blunt in my statements. I simply talk to the people as I would to you or anybody else in conversation. I never wrote a speech in my life. Never had one written for me, and probably never will."

PLANS FOR HARVARD UNION.

HIGH HOPES OF THE GOOD THE INSTITUTION MAY DO.

Advantages and Drawbacks of the Site Selected—Accommodations Which It Is Proposed That the New Building Shall Afford and Some of Its Attractions.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 16.—The much talked-of and desired Harvard Union, in spite of the fact that it has apparently dropped out of sight for the past month or so, has not been given up nor has interest in it slackened. Quite the contrary, the preliminary plans which were discussed in detail some time ago have been returned to the architect for the final or working plan, which is now being drawn. It has been decided to locate the building on the Warren estate at Quincy and Harvard streets, which was left to the university some years since by Charles Warren, who was known in connection with his researches in the ancient Eastern languages.

As the location of the Union was a question for future as well as present college generations every available site was considered by the committee which had the matter in charge in order that the one which would more nearly meet the demands likely to be made on it in the future should be selected. The present situation, it is held, is considerably out of the paths of undergraduate traffic and hence if the Union were built there the men would defeat the very purpose for which it was built by not resorting there with any frequency. Against the other sites the main objection was that of cost. This could easily have been met by raising additional funds, but after discussing the matter it was decided that the other sites would not repay the additional expenditure required. The present site is easily accessible to all the centres of college activity, and is only a step from the car lines. Then, too, no man can say which way the growth of the university will be in the future. In case the elevated railway, which is promised within the next two years, should decide to enter Cambridge by Mount Auburn street, now the fashionable part of studentdom, it is questionable whether the clubs and the now fashionable dormitories will be so popular as they are at present. Removal by one of these organizations would tend to make the locality into which they should go a popular one; and the desire of men to go into another neighborhood would be quickly followed by the erection of fine dormitories. Which way this exodus shall go no man can tell, and it may be that the bucolic neighborhood which surrounds the Warren estate and is—although little frequented—one of the prettiest in Cambridge, will be the one selected. Should the undergraduate centre remain where it is or move to the other side of the college yard, which is improbable, the Warren estate would still be very near the centre of things and readily accessible. One of the greatest arguments in its favor that was presented to the committee was the fact that if the Warren estate were taken for a site it would be impossible for the union ever to be overshadowed as might be done by the erection of high buildings if the club were contiguous to private property. The piece of property, too, was offered by the university free of charge, which leaves a greater sum to be expended on the building itself.

The main entrance of the building will face the north and will be flanked by a broad balcony and give directly into a large living room. This balcony and the room itself will command Harvard Square and a prospect of the broad green in front of Gore Hall. It will be similar in shape to the reception room of the University Club of New York city. It will be furnished in old oak and have leather covered furniture of comfortable design. This will be the great common meeting ground of the university. Here a man may resort with his cronies and talk it all over in any one of the dozen or so comfortable nooks which the furnishing will provide. Here, too, will be the trophies won on the athletic field or river course and the sadder, sterner ones which tell the youngsters that Harvard is but a mimic world from which men go to do the deeds of life; the memorials to the men who died in the Spanish War, Hollister, Wheeler, Adsit, Crapo, Henshaw, Talcott, Saunders, Lehmann, Stover and the others. When a great mass meeting is desired it will be held in this room and the furniture will be such that can be put out of the way at short notice.

While it is desired to prevent the union from becoming a mere eating place, it has been determined to establish a grill room where light lunch may be obtained. There will be, however, rooms where large dinners may be served either by the club steward or by outside caterers on occasion. A room where women visiting students may obtain lunch has been provided for. A billiard room to contain sixteen tables, which is to be entered from the main hall, but arranged in such a way that the noise will not be audible in the main living room, will, with the library, complete the first floor.

The latter is expected to become a feature of the club. Already $20,000 has been subscribed by James H. Hyde of New York to provide books to form a nucleus for it. The room will be separated into three divisions. In these three there will be ample chance for men who desire to study, for those who wish to read in a casual way, and for those who wish to mingle reading with conversation. It is purposed to have standard books of reference in the library, but to devote a large portion of it to periodicals and current publications.

The rooms upstairs will be at the service of any of the clubs which desire to use them upon giving notice to the steward. None of them will be set aside for the exclusive use of any society. The debating clubs, particularly the class organizations, will find these rooms especially adapted to their use. For organizations which may make use of the union for such purposes, there will be locker accommodations, as well as for the other members, in the basement. The rest of the basement will be divided up into a number of large and small rooms for use as bicycle rooms, a barber shop, bowling alley and the like. The offices of the Athletic Association will also be on this floor. It is desired that some of the college publications have their offices in the building, but no arrangement has been made to this end.

The question of having bedrooms, which members of the club and graduates who happen to be visiting Cambridge may occupy, has not yet been definitely settled, but will be left for the House Committee.

Much depends on the failure or success of the Union, for it is there that those conflicting interests which have kept Harvard from becoming centralized, will be met, and if it is possible, overcome. If the life that will be offered there is entered into by the undergraduates Harvard will be a broader and more profitable university. The Union will in no way oppose the social clubs which now exist; they have their uses and will continue to have them in the future, but the Union, if the high-minded intentions of the man who made it possible are carried out, will be more than any social club; it will be the great university home.

NAUTICAL HYGIENE.

Germany Establishes an Institute at Hamburg for the Study of Sailor's Ailments.

Liverpool and London have for some time supported establishmentts that are specially devoted to promoting the health of seamen and to studying and treating the diseases to which mariners are peculiarly liable. Germany has now followed this excellent example and has established the Hamburg Institute for the study of nautical hygiene.

The many changes that the past thirty years have wrought in the world's marine have tended to improve the physical well being of the sailor, but at the same time have afflicted him with a new crop of ailments. The food of seamen has been greatly improved. The rapid transition from sails to steam has largely increased trade with tropical countries because the swift vessels of to-day can carry tropical fruit and other products that could not stand slow transportation in the warm latitudes. Hence sailors are much more afflicted now than formerly with diseases of tropical origin. The almost universal substitution of steel for wood in the construction of vessels and the consequent changes in the nature of work on shipboard have had their effect in changing the nature of the accidents to members of the crew.

Many of the old-time diseases, such as scurvy, night blindness, the so-called ship anæmia, and chronic ailments of the digestive organs, if not yet quite extinct, have become rare. A series of new diseases has taken their place and are now having the attention of the medical faculty. In order to deal with these diseases such as malaria, beri-beri, blackwater fever and other tropical disorders, special hospitals are needed at the large ports.

This is the reason for the establishment of the institutes at London and Liverpool and for the new institution at Hamburg. Among the many features outlined for the Hamburg Institute is a course of study on the symptoms and treatment of malaria and other tropical diseases and on tropical physiology and hygiene. This course will extend over several months, and the students will number many physicians engaged in practice at all the sea ports of Germany. The investigations by Prof. Koch of tropical diseases did much to bring about the decision of the German Government to establish the Hamburg Institute.